

WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

Edited by
**FRIAR G. B.
BURGIN.**

No. 4. VOL. IV. DECEMBER, 1914.

PRIVATE
CIRCULATION.

CLUB DIARY.

Nov. 27.—*Club Guest*: FRIAR JOSEPH SHAYLOR. *Prior*: FRIAR CLEMENT K. SHORTER. *Occasion*: To celebrate the attainment of threescore years and ten by the Guest of the evening.

Dec. 11.—The Annual Dinner. *Prior*: FRIAR W. FRANCIS AITKEN.

Dec. 18.—A Belgian Christmas Dinner. *Prior*: FRIAR HARVEY DARTON.

Dec. 21.—The Christmas Luncheon.

THE SHAYLOR DINNER (Nov. 27th, 1914).

Chairman: FRIAR CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

Guest of the Evening: FRIAR JOSEPH SHAYLOR.

The Prior read letters of apology for non-attendance from Friars Sir F. Carruthers Gould and Sir Robert Hudson.

The guests included Mr. W. H. Peat, Mr. J. M. Bullock, Mr. Percy Kent, Mr. H. W. Thompson, Mr. J. Edgar (Editor of the *Transvaal Leader*), Mr. E. G. Hanson, Mr. Jas. Milne (Lit. Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*), Mr. Hedley F. Le Bas, Mr. Arthur Polak, Mr. Cecil Clayton, Mr. G. A. Sutton, Mr. A. E. Linforth, Mr. Sydney F. Boam, Mr. P. L. F. Perkins, Mr. H. J. Edwards, I.S.O., Mr. Truslove, Mr. Hanson, Mr. S. J. Shaylor, Mr. Frank Elliott, Mr. J. Malcolm Mitchell, Mr. J. A. Jennings, Mr. F. Wallace Whitlock, Mr. H. J. Method, Mr. J. L. Fuller.

Among the Friars present were: The Club Guest, The Prior, W. Francis Aitken, A. St. John Adcock, H. E. Alden, Goldfinch Bate, H. J. Brown, Shan Bullock, G. B. Burgin, Thomas Catling, Sir Ernest Clarke, Edward Clodd, A. B. Cooper, Herbert Cornish, Raymond Coulson, J. M. Dent, Hugh Dent, Robert Donald,

Louis Falck, W. L. Gane, Charles Garvice, E. Page Gaston, E. G. Hawke, Dr. J. Morgan De Groot, W. H. Helm, Silas Hocking, Athol Joyce, J. A. Hammerton, C. W. Kimmins, Albert Kinross, Haldane Macfall, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, G. H. Northcroft, G. H. Perkins, G. M. Piper, A. D. Power, Harold Shaylor, William Senior, W. B. Slater, Walter Smith, Keighley Snowden, Arthur Spurgeon, H. R. Tedder, John Walker, John Walker, jun., Canon Wesley Dennis, Richard Whiteing, Philip Wilson, and the Hon. Secretary.

Friar Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, having been called upon by the Prior to offer the Club's congratulations to Mr. Shaylor on the attainment of his 70th birthday, said it had done him a world of good to be there, and to see all their kind faces again. Especially it did him good to see Friar Shaylor beside him. It was good to be alive; it was particularly good to see each other's faces. He felt himself in many respects entirely unworthy to occupy the place he did in the proceedings that night. Yet in a certain sense he had a right, for he was sure there was no one there in that atmosphere of universal affection and admiration for their guest who could possibly exceed him in the warm loyalty and in the depth of his own feelings. There were around him many who could speak of Friar Shaylor in far more eloquent words; he could see no one who had more the spirit of the evening than he had.

He was sorry, however, to strike a jarring note; there was a slight coldness, which he hoped would not last, between him and Mr. Jas. Milne, the Editor of the *Book Monthly*, and his own countryman and friend. He, in the most malicious manner, had stolen his speech. This morning he had the experience of reading the speech in the *Daily Chronicle*. It did not make it better—it made it even worse; for he understood the *Chronicle* had a much larger circulation than the *Telegraph*. In these circumstances he would put his points very briefly; others would dwell upon them more adequately.

To-night we had a guest and friend with us who had manifold claims on all tribute of love which we could give him. He was a man. Affection was a far greater thing than admiration. We gave him both, but we gave him our affection in the first place. Our friend, Friar Shaylor, had claims upon us for having lived 70 years, and for having been a man. There were many people who lived 70 years, and they might not be altogether

what we wished to see either physically or mentally. After all, it was a great thing to go through honourably 70 years of this contentious and troubled life; Friar Shaylor had done it, and had reached this stage in the most perfect condition of mind, body and heart. His heart was as warm as ever; his intellect as keen as ever; his power of work and skill was as great as ever. Scots in the audience would remember how Robert Burns was once encouraged in one of his journeys by an old woman, who said: "The best of your days are coming." That we could say with perfect confidence about Friar Shaylor. He had not only our wishes, but our assurance that the best days were coming. He hoped that they would be good days for him—the days when he would gather the harvest of his life.

In the second place, Friar Shaylor had a claim upon us as a great business man. Ever since he could remember London—that was a pretty long while, he regretted to say—Friar Shaylor had stood in the foreground as a most able, competent, skilful, working man of business. He was one of those men, wherever they placed him, who surely and not slowly rose to the top. The firm with which he had been so honourably associated for many years was that of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Everyone connected with literature and journalism knew what the firm had gained, and what it meant had been in a word, our friend, Friar Shaylor.

The speaker was not going to recall the storms in our world which Friar Shaylor had triumphantly, bravely, and successfully passed through; some of them could remember, and all knew the general result. But Friar Shaylor had been more than a mere man of business. He did not believe that there was a first-rate man who had been wholly a man of business. Our friend had been more than a man of business; he had been a man. He had had innumerable opportunities of showing kindness, encouragement, and stimulus to authors and others; he stood there to say that from his knowledge and from their knowledge he had neglected none of these opportunities. He was certain that looking around this bond of brotherhood many of them could rise up and say they could always take it for granted that they could approach Friar Shaylor as a friend, and what he could do for them as a friend he would do. That was a great thing to say of any man.

Another thing about Friar Shaylor was that he was not a mere vendor of books; he was a bookman of the first water. Friar Shaylor knew his books; he could judge books as the least arrogant and least prejudiced of critics; he knew "How many blue beans make five." A great torrent of books flowed past him; there was no part of that torrent unobserved. In his own library many of his most-prized books had been edited or written by Friar Shaylor; and these he had done him the great honour of presenting to him. We who had had much intercourse with Friar Shaylor at that Club and elsewhere knew very well that nothing escaped his eye. He was, to use Thomas Hardy's phrase, "eminently percipient." That was a very great thing.

In addition, Friar Shaylor had done inestimable service to that Club; he had done a great deal to make it the most successful of the many literary clubs. He could name three or four men who had been largely contributory to that success. He dare say that he could name six, or if the screw was turned he might name ten, but he would not put any before Friar Shaylor. His manners were genial, complying and pliant. Always behind the manners there was the business man—the first-rate business man. He never bungled anything, and never made a mess of anything. He could be confidently trusted to see through whatever he took in hand.

We knew pretty well that we were all passing through rather a stiff time—a very testing time indeed. Such a time for writers and vendors of books had not been seen within the memory of living man. We must not make too much of that; these things were sent to test our manhood. We had to do the best we could; perhaps our ordeal was not going to last so long as some of them thought at first. He heard of a private in the trenches, who, after taking part in a successful engagement, said reflectively: "Well, I suppose, now there will be a smash up of these buffers, and we must do what we did in South Africa, and give them Home Rule." We should have no particular objection to that when the time came; he believed the time was coming sooner than the pessimists thought.

The speaker had come to certain conclusions about publishing, of which he would give them the benefit. He was firmly of the opinion that publishing was not quite so simple a business as it seemed to be. The other thing he had arrived at was that, with very few exceptions, all publishers were pessimists. The war

made no difference; if there were no war, they would still be pessimists. Our noble friend was not a pessimist; he might be inclined in conversation to have gloomy views of certain books, but he was not a pessimist. If anybody said that Friar Shaylor was a pessimist, he would reply that his face was a living refutation of that lie. He had got through life sweet and clean. When we had got this war over—as we should get it well over—we were going to have better times for books than we have had. But it was a scandalous business occupying our growing boys with Greek and Latin; that was going to end. We were going to abolish public schools and universities as they were at present constituted. We were going to teach our young people living languages. (A voice: "German?") Yes, teach them German; we should want it all. We could get on very well with living languages. But books—were they going to stop? No. They were going to be more than ever; they were going to be better than ever. He did not say that he wished everyone to be a bookman. The true bookman would rather spend a quiet evening with his books at home than go to the theatre, music hall, or dull City dinner party. In conclusion, he predicted that when the war was over we were going to have better times than ever.

The PRIOR followed with a tribute to Friar Shaylor's worth and work. Forty years ago, he said, circumstances took him many times down Paternoster Row. In those early days he had been to Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., and he remembered there one particularly good-looking young man of thirty years of age, to whom everybody went when they had any queries with regard to a publisher, the price of a book, or a particular edition. Our friend Joseph Shaylor had entered the house ten years before this. Everybody went to him for advice; he had a wonderful memory and a wonderful industry. He was delighted to congratulate Friar Shaylor on having reached the age of three-score years and ten in splendid health and vigour, and in having a long period of hard work in front of him.

FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON joined in the felicitations to the guest of the evening. Friar Shaylor had been a friend to them all. It was a joy to meet together and see such friends as Whiteing, Senior, Burgin and others. He was sure they would all agree that on no occasion had we met within those walls with such a feeling of real love as we had towards the guest that evening.

FRIAR EDWARD CLODD said as obedience was better than sacrifice, in response to the Prior's appeal he rose to say a few words. He had one link with Friar Shaylor, and that was his "Fascination of Books." If Friar Shaylor would in his leisure turn up Cicero's delightful essay on "Friendship and Old Age," he would find that Cicero said that most of us wish to get old, but grumble when we get there. That was not the case with Friar Shaylor. His cheery face showed that he was glad to be seventy; it was reminiscent of a happy, joyous life. Friar Shaylor had done yeoman service to the Club not only as an office bearer, but by his good fellowship. We all re-echoed Friar Nicoll's expressions of affection and regard.

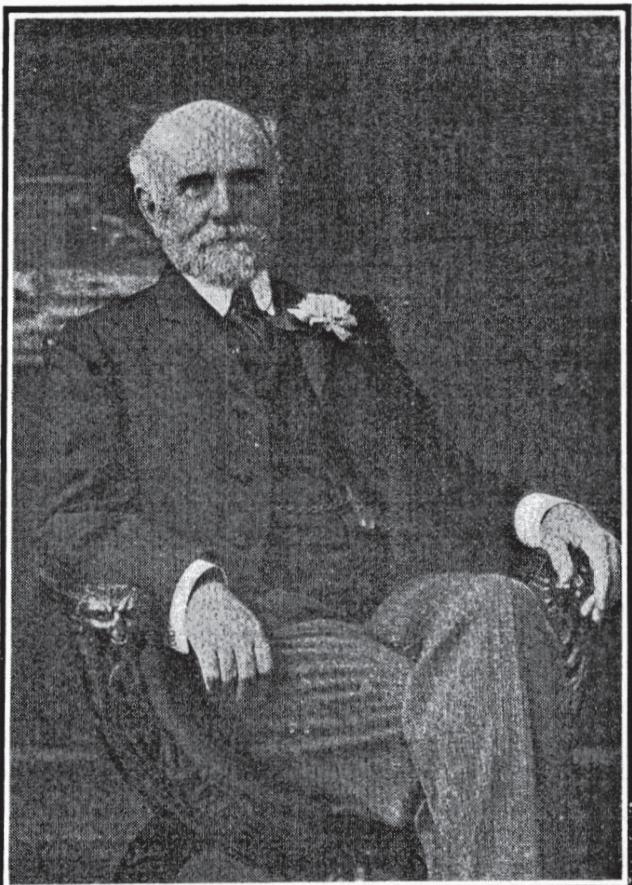
The toast of Friar Shaylor's health was then cordially drunk.

FRIAR SHAYLOR'S SPEECH.

Rev. Prior, Brother Friars, and Guests, I am quite overwhelmed by all the kind things which have been said of me this evening, and I think I must preface the few remarks I have to make with a story told by the late Dean Hole. It appears in one of Bret Harte's books, and just emphasises my position.

At a certain village in America there was a carter who, much to the amusement of the boys in the village, was greatly addicted to swearing. Once he had to haul a load of potatoes up a hill, and the boys thought it an opportunity for a joke not to be missed. Seeing the driver go to the horse's head to help him along, the boys ran behind the cart and let down the tail-board; one by one the potatoes dribbled away, so that when the cart arrived at the top of the hill the last one had rolled out. The carter came to the back of the cart and viewed the catastrophe, while the boys, with smiling faces, waited for an explosion. The carter looked from the rolling potatoes to the boys, and, with a pained restraint in his voice, said, "Boys, I am not equal to the occasion!"

The other day, my friend the Prior suggested that possibly a celebration dinner would be given to me by my fellow-members of the Whitefriars Club. This was shortly followed by an invitation from our Secretary, and I must say it was with reluctance, mixed with a feeling of pride, that I accepted the kindly invitation. But, had I seen the circular announcing this dinner that was afterwards sent out, coupling my seventy years with my "record in the realms of literature and books," I feel certain I should



FRIAR JOSEPH SHAYLOR.

have been compelled to decline it with thanks; for I felt I was quite unequal to, not to say unworthy of, such a celebration. I am here, however, and I blush to think of all the kind things that have been said about me this evening. I thank you all most sincerely and from the bottom of my heart for the honour you have done me by this dinner of celebration.

Referring again to our Secretary's circular, I must plead guilty to having to celebrate my seventieth birthday. This is rather my misfortune than my fault, but I am very thankful that I have reached the prescribed period of threescore years and ten in good health, have obtained a fair amount of success, and, what is best of all, am surrounded by a circle of the best friends any man could wish to have. I sincerely hope that I may live on to see many of my younger friends here placed in the same honoured position as I find myself in this evening.

One of the other celebrations mentioned in the circular is one to which I must plead to have some knowledge, that of books. This subject I must treat as distinct from literature, because I know that all books are not literature, and all literature in its origin has not been confined to books. I confess, therefore, that after over fifty-seven years in the bookselling trade I ought at least to know something about the outside of a book. I think most of you know that it is titles, authors, and the sale of books with which I am associated, and it is a strange coincidence that this year I celebrate my fiftieth year at Simpkin, Marshall and Co.'s, where, after seven years' previous apprenticeship in the country, I entered as an assistant, afterwards, by good fortune, to become one of the managing directors. Part of my work for about thirty years has been the superintendence of the subscribing and buying departments, and I do not hesitate to say that, taking the year through, I have sanctioned the buying of more books than any other man in England.

Some days in October I have had subscribed to me as many as 150 different new books, and a number of copies of nearly all of these have been purchased. This, I think, supports my contention that I ought to know something about books.

Respecting the subscribing of books, I remember once a very young man, who was most anxious to sell a book he was showing round, asked to see me. Of course I saw him, and he told me the book he was subscribing was a most important one, as the author was at Cambridge with the hero of the book

and so knew all about him. This book was "Horace at Cambridge," by Mr. Owen Seaman of *Punch*. This did not show much intelligence on the part of the subscriber.

One other story which to some persons may reflect upon the trade of publishing, but I can assure you it does not. One of our collectors had down in his collecting book a work issued by a publisher who had recently had a fire at his establishment. Of course, he was unable to get the book, and wrote the following reason in his collecting book, "Publisher burnt down, book burnt up."

Respecting literature, I will state, although it is rather a contradiction, that had I not had so much to do with books I might have been a more careful student of literature. I love books, but who does not? I suppose there are some unfortunate people who do not. They are to be pitied. To most of us here, books are both our luxuries and our daily bread. They have become to our lives and happiness prime necessities, they are our trusted favourites, our guardians, our confidential advisers, and the safe consumers of our leisure. They cheer us in poverty and comfort us in affluence; they absorb the effervescence of impetuous youth and while away the tedium of age.

Reference has been made to my association with this Club, and I say without the least hesitation that there is nothing of a public character of which I am so proud as that of being a member of this Club. I know nothing to equal it. In what other club could you find the same good fellowship one for the other, such brotherly kindness and unity of purpose? I venture to say that it is without parallel in any other club in London. No "side," no jealousy, just that one "touch which makes the whole world kin." We are all proud of our Club; and I hope with all my heart that it may long exist for the social happiness of its members.

Brother Friars and Guests, I thank you with all the sincerity of which I am capable for the enthusiastic way in which you have drunk my health, and I also thank most heartily the Prior, the Secretary, and the various members of the Club who have honoured me by making me the Club Guest for this evening.

The speeches were varied by music and recitations by Messrs. Walter Churcher, Edgar Coyle, and Stuart Debnam. In honour of the occasion, Mr. Walter Churcher recited the following poem

which he had resurrected from the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* of five-and-twenty years ago :

A FARTHING POET.

(BY A COMING LAUREATE.)

I ain't a poet in the retail line. I don't publish my works at half a guinea a volume, with gilt on the top of the edges and a portrait of the author—with a six months' growth of hair on him—in front. I ain't a writer for what you call the classes, and I don't go fooling around in the clouds about lovely ladies' eyes and sunlights of my soul and that sort of thing.

“Life is real, life is earnest,” says my colleague Longfellow, whose style has often been mistook for my own, and what I want to know is, why shouldn't poetry be practical too? The mystifying business I never could take on. To think is easy enough, but to put your thoughts in verse is what knocks you. I have been before the public for many years, and my game is to give 'em verses that they can understand right off. There ain't no puzzling over lines running into one another as if they were Dalston Junction ; there ain't no treatises wrote, speculating on the author's meaning. Mine is poetry at a glance, so to speak, and there has been more discussion over it in the public-houses of our district than over Tennyson and Browning and Arnold all jumbled together. The working-classes is fearful strong on poetry—that is, when they can understand it. But they won't stand no foreign names, nor dreamlands, nor odes to the passions and the senses. As a man said to me, “What's the good of my kid learning your 'Ode to the Passions' and he going to be apprenticed to the carpentering? Why, when he grows up he'll want to know what's owed to the butcher.” Wonderful humour in the working-classes, sir, if you only knew how to tap it. What I contend is, that it must be something new and up-to-date. People don't live in the past—they dwells in the present—and you can't earn four and sixpence a day at shoemaking or bookbinding by dreaming you're an ancient Roman in a helmet, going about abducting of maidens or copping cities by rolling armies inside of wooden horses, which is a yarn that won't do at all. How could the soldiers have managed to breathe, I should like to know, not to speak of what they did with their guns and powder?

Education ain't a bit of use. If money and learning bred poets, what an awful lot of talent would live in South Kensington, where the rents run, I'm told, to as much as forty pounds a year ! No, sir, it's in the 'eart the precious flame springs. Look at myself. I never went to no school whatever; but if I sell fifty or sixty ballads of my own composition of an evening at a farthing a sheet, do you think the public stops to ask how I was brought up? Not they. They takes home the slips, and they reads 'em, and many a man have I seen cry like rain, besides telling his mates he couldn't make out how such words could ever come out of a man's head. Epic or lyric? I don't quite foller you. What I writes is about things as happens under my nose, so to speak. There ain't nothing like facts to work on. If I had wrote "The Wreck of the Hesperides," it wouldn't have gone six copies up our court, because the people didn't know the vessel, nor anybody as was aboard. What they wants brought home to 'em is something what has just happened in their own midst—for instance, the fire at the Dog Star and Rainbow—where the barmaid come down the escape too quick, fell on the hose and bust it in all directions. There was something pathetic to work on, in addition to being well beknown to the readers. It took place on a Tuesday evening, and by Saturday me and my mate—he ain't a poet himself, but a healthy baritone, who sings the lines alternate with myself—was doing a poem, composed expressly by me, before three hundred people in the market-place. We sold a copy with three other slips for a ha'penny, and as I told 'em, "Don't think that because this 'ere output of talent is cheap that it ain't good. There ain't a Laureate could write the identical verses, not if you was to pay him his hundred a year wages, and his half-pint of Malmesbury wine in advance."

Now this 'ere fire I was a-tellin' you of, everybody knowed how it happened, but if they planked down their brass for a poem they wanted a complete job. So I give 'em the plan in the opening verse, with a good word for the landlord, which is always useful to a man in my position, not to speak of a glass of gin and water at Christmas, and permission to walk in and out of the bar with my ballads as if it was Liberty Hall. I started my first stanza like this :

“ ‘Twas a snowy night in winter, which I never shall forget”—
As a matter of fact, it was raining, but there ain't any poetry

in rain; it don't lift the imagination a bit more than a donkey can lift a steam-roller.

"In the Dog Star and Rainbow there was a crowd, you bet"—
That shows as how the pub is popular, owing to the excellence of the drinks.

"The genial landlord, Mr. Flukes, with all his might and main,
Did fill the flowing goblets up—then filled them up again."

Of course, goblets comes under the poet's, and not the public-house licence. It wouldn't be in the spirit of poetry to say "pewter," and if you was to substitute "tankard," the only rhyme to that is "drank hard," which might be took as personal. Ah! it requires a sight of thinking out to convey information without insult. Well, when I've put in the foundation, the building part comes in, and the story commences in earnest:

"Ah, list! from out yon gloomy tower the closing hour doth strike,
Out into the fast-whitening street pour rich and poor alike."

This is to convey the idea that the aristocracy of the neighbourhood ain't above having a final pint with the worthy landlord:

"And then brave Dick, the barman, shouts out above his breath,
'Tis time, 'tis time,' as if he was the Harper in ' Macbeth.' "

That is the first storey, so to speak, leading to the shutting up of the house, and the inhabitants as retiring to rest. It took me four hours and three pints of beer before I got the next stanza to my mind, but it was worth all the trouble to see the effect it had on the public:

"The bat was groaning 'neath the skies; fierce howled the winter blast"—

You must always work in this, for my customers are uncommon fond of a blast—

"The p'liceman with his rubber shoes has twice his sergeant passed;

The workman rises from his bed—to toil is his desire"—

I have to introduce this, as showing the working man is dead nuts on labour, and is never happy unless hunting after it—

“When Jimmy Stokes, the dustman, hears the awful cry of
‘Fire !’ ”

You see, it was Jimmy Stokes as gave the alarm, and when I mention him it makes the poetry natural at once.

When you have the poem at this stage, you must begin to put in the glass, so that the people may see through it and understand the moral. And I never omit to use sensation putty, which goes immense, especially of a Saturday night, when the public gets very tearful towards closing time.

“What ho ! at yonder casement see the form of fair Miss Binks,

What oft, with many a winning smile, has drawed our sooth-ing drinks.

Say, can it be that damsel sweet what makes that fearful shout?

O ! memories of the ‘arf-and-’arf, and also of ‘two-out.’ ”

By this time you’ve got your audience well in hand, particularly as you’ve mentioned four people they know in the course of the poetry—which is a feat most poets ain’t equal to managing. Then you rush on to the conservatory business. What do I mean by that? Why, taking ‘em into the hothouse of emotion, so to speak, and forcing the tears out of ‘em.

“Hurrah, hurrah ! the fire brigade, with Chief Inspector Jones”—

This always fetches ‘em, through Jones being a popular man, and that fat he’s more fit for a policeman than a fireman—

“Are rattling up the long escape to save the lady’s bones.

Oh ! stay, misguided maiden, for ‘tis sixty feet to jump.

Too late ! too late ! she soon doth reach the kerbstone with a bump.”

Most of the women have begun to hold their breath by this time, so I rub it in very hot and strong :

“Oh, what a Providence doth mark the fall of every one !

And just observe what fair Miss Binks has been and gone and done.

From topmost garret window leapt the lady, without clothes, Praise kindly Heaven ! she’s broke her fall, and also bust the hose ! ”

I declare to you there was a regular rush to buy the poem the minute we reached that point, but I wouldn't sell a copy until I had finished. There ain't many sermons as could create such an effect as my last stanza :

“The water flew up to the sky, it deluged all around.

The firemen holloaed out: ‘ Oh, my ! ’ for fear they would be drowned.

When up there rose that lady stout, without of fear one thought,

And whispered in a husky voice: ‘ Not water—give me port ! ’ ”

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Several Friars, had time permitted, would have liked to have added their “testimony” to Friar Shaylor’s sterling qualities. As, unfortunately, it did not, I have followed the precedent adopted with reports of debates in Congress, and requested them to favour me with what they wanted to say.—G. B. B.

FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE.

The eloquent words of Friar Nicoll and of the Prior will find an echo in the breast of each and every Friar who has had occasion, as I have, to seek the paternal help and advice of our honoured guest. In connection with two separate literary enterprises with which I was associated, I invoked Friar Shaylor’s aid and counsel, and not, as you may be sure, in vain. He gave himself a vast amount of trouble to meet my wishes. I was grateful to him then. I am grateful to him now; and I am glad to be permitted to join this evening in the chorus of congratulation and good will with which we celebrate our brother’s reaching the Psalmist’s allotted age of threescore years and ten. To him William Morris’s words in “The Earthly Paradise” may well be applied :

“The gods are kind, and hope to men they give
That they their little span on earth may live
Nor yet faint utterly.”

Friar Shaylor has not been faint-hearted in his wrestling with this world and its troubles. He has happily achieved the success which a kindly consideration for others and a strong

sense of personal duty have earned for him; and we one and all wish him continued health and happiness in the niche of public usefulness which he has so modestly but so meritoriously occupied during the long period of time that he has been identified with the Club that now imperfectly attempts to do him honour.

FRIAR SILAS HOCKING.

Friar Shaylor is to be congratulated on several grounds, not the least in finding himself at the age of seventy—after a full day's work—mentally as keen and physically as alert as ever. Clearly it is not work that kills. He is an example of what may be achieved by patient continuance in well doing.

He is to be congratulated also on the position he has won in the business world. It may be true in some cases that promotion goes by favour. It is not true in his case. He has won by merit. We have heard to-night that this is the jubilee of his connection with the great business house of Simpkin and Marshall.

That fact speaks volumes. It reveals the stuff of which he is made. Only a man of fine character, of inflexible will, of high ideals, could have won his way from the humblest to the highest position.

But most of all, he is to be congratulated on the place he holds in the hearts and affections of all who know him. We admire Friar Shaylor not merely, nor mainly, for the qualities of his head, but for the qualities of his heart. It is not because he has been successful in business that we honour him to-night; it is because, by his urbanity, his uprightness, his modesty, and the fineness of character which we all feel, but which is not to be put into words, he has endeared himself to every member of this Club. There are many successful business men in the world whom nobody loves and nobody respects—they have won the world and lost their souls. Friar Shaylor, like the Belgian King, has kept his soul; and it is because of that—because in his long fight with the world he has bartered away none of the fine things of life—that our hearts go out to him, and we wish him many more years of usefulness and prosperity.

FRIAR KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

To see our dear friend Shaylor as he is—to get him in a true perspective and fair light—we have only to think how the whole

world has been put in fear by a doctrine of which his life has been the modest denial. The fear is well justified, for in a few weeks a million men have been done to death on the strength of that doctrine, and no man can say how many millions more may have to perish before it is quite discredited and forgotten. It is the doctrine of pure egoism, as you know. In the midst of this vast massacre, the honour we pay to our friend is so timed—and not by any nice calculation—that none of us can fail to realise the much greater honour conferred by such a life as his upon poor humanity. But does one really measure it? Even here in England, where this devilish and astounding war is seen clearly to be nothing but an orgy of egoism, men like Friar Shaylor are quite rare, and their lives very precious. Let us thank whatever gods there be for them. While they are found among us, the soul of man will not perish; and I do not think man's natural courage will be daunted by any mastery, however frightful.

FRIAR W. H. HELM.

Friar Helm considered that, while a Whitefriars evening without any controversy was as rare as it was generally very dull (the ladies' night excepted, of course), they were enjoying an occasion when unanimity was combined with reality and life in a notable way. To say that a man had no enemies was, in most cases, as much as to say that he was an amiable but somewhat inefficient person. In Mr. Shaylor, a lovable nature was present with an efficiency which was very easily proved. His career was, indeed, as favourable an illustration of efficiency as could be produced. It showed how intelligence, integrity, and industry, when each was possessed in a high degree, enabled a man to achieve success in whatever honourable work came to his hand, and to retain throughout his life not only the full confidence of his colleagues in business, but the affection and admiration of those who had the advantage of knowing him in his hours of leisure. The world would be very different, and much happier, if men of the kind they had met to honour that evening were ten times as numerous as they were.

FRIAR A. D. POWER.

Had I been called upon, I think it would have been difficult to do more than condense or amplify Friar Roberston Nicoll's very

comprehensive survey of our Guest's career and characteristics. Like the Rev. Knight, I, of course, knew Friar Shaylor by reputation long before I knew him personally, and my outstanding recollection of that reputation, and, subsequently, during fifteen years of publishing, of actual experience, is that he was ever ready with help and advice, and never gave you the impression that you bored him, however much you must have done so.

Friar Shaylor's sound judgment and practical knowledge of books were always at the disposal of any publisher who cared to ask for his opinion, and, if I may say so in a privately circulated journal, my own opinion of any publisher who is in doubt about the title of a book, and who does not consult Shaylor, is that he deserves his fate. In regard to fiction particularly, I strongly recommend all author-friars to buy a copy of "The Fascination of Books," and let him turn to the chapter on "The Use and Abuse of Book Titles" before he irrevocably christens his novel with printers' ink.

Another point made by Friar Nicoll will well bear emphasis, and that is Friar Shaylor's services to the Club. Personally, I admire intensely the way in which he so readily undertook the duties of Secretary at a time when the Club had despaired of finding anyone with less calls upon him to take up the work; and now, though he no longer occupies the post of Secretary, he still puts in an amount of unostentatious work, of which only one or two other Friars have any idea.

Of course, it would be easy to touch upon other points in Shaylor's character, which we younger Friars might advantageously imitate, but I suppose the ten-minute rule applies equally to written as to other speeches, and what I have told you is, I think, sufficient to show how zealously our Guest of Nov. 27 discharges his debt to the commonwealth of his own circle.

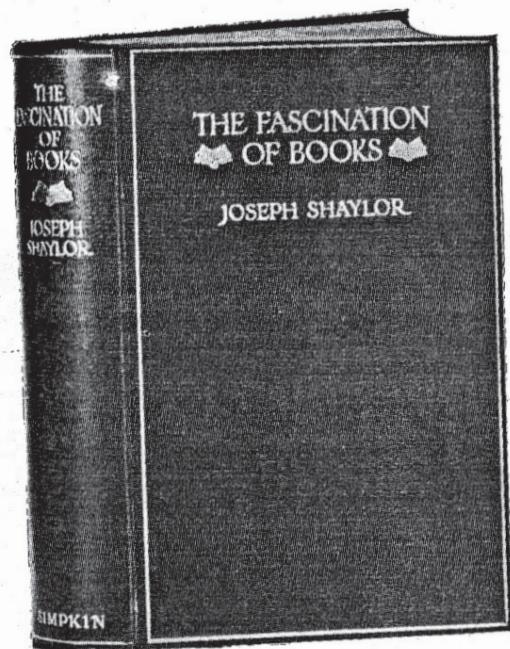
Although he was not my sponsor, I have always had a suspicion that Friar Shaylor was in a large measure responsible for my election to the Whitefriars Club, and for this reason, of course, I feel especially indebted to him.

FRIAR G. MOULTON PIPER.

Seventy not out and still good for runs, and still smart between the stumps. Who does not envy such a record, and, better still, who does envy a Club when it has such a skipper? While some of us went in to hustle the field, or hung on for the swipe

that meant over the pavilion and a record, or out, he just kept quietly plugging away with those useful notches that made the score and brought us out top. And then, what a host—what a man for the tent! How he put strangers at their ease, and with his kindly zest turned our frugal repast into never-to-be-forgotten banquets. Shaylor at the helm meant all's well, and guests went away wondering whether, after all, they had not been the hosts and the Club their visitors. And when we packed, as pack we had to, when the last ball was bowled and the last joke had passed, when stumps were drawn and the last hand-shake had been given, we were just boys again, and "so-longed" on the old school phrase—the expression terse that says so little and means so much—"Good old Shaylor."

FRIAR G. B. BURGIN.



Our Guest of this evening has well said in "The Fascination of Books" that when the mind is weary with the toil and care of a busy life and thought comes only by exertion, it is then a real pleasure to peruse some volume made precious either by the influence it has had upon our conduct and life, or by the characteristics with which the volume is associated. The influence which that "human book" our Guest of the evening has had upon "our conduct and life" is very great.

He has taught us to love him, to love gentleness, candour, sincerity and truth, to put aside the littlenesses which afflict even the best of us, to avoid the example of Bunyan's Muckraker and look upward. In short, he has

"Allured to brighter worlds
And led the way."

Now, his own way of life is healthily

". . . Fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

The world is the richer for his coming into it, will be the poorer when he is summoned to take that dread journey which each must take alone. Of late, the Death Angel has been busy in our midst. May he be content with the toll he has exacted, and long spare one who has endeared himself to us all not only as a superlatively good Friar, but also as a staunch friend and helper.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Brotherhood took place in the Chapter Room, Anderton's Hotel, on Friday, December 11th. Members dined together under the Priorship of Friar W. Francis Aitken. On this occasion no guests were invited to the dinner, which precedes the Annual Meeting.

The Report of the Committee and Balance-sheet were submitted, and the Officers and Committee elected for the ensuing year.

ANNUAL REPORT AND BALANCE-SHEET, 1914.

The Committee has pleasure in reporting that during the year three Town Members have been elected, namely, Mr. Charles Geake, Mr. W. Goldfinch Bate, and Mr. H. R. Tedder, whilst Friars William Senior and Charles Pearce have been made Honorary Members in recognition of their long association with the Club.

Two Members have resigned, owing to pressure of other engagements.

It is with great regret that the Committee chronicles the death of Friars the Rev. C. H. Grundy, Tom Gallon, R. F. Harper, and R. L. Jefferson.

In view of the demands made upon the time of Members by the war, the Committee felt it undesirable to arrange the usual autumn series of dinners. A single special engagement was made, in compliment to Friar Joseph Shaylor in celebration of his seventieth birthday, and the gathering was one of the largest and most memorable in recent years. The spring series proved that the vitality of the Club remained undiminished. The several special guests were Mr. Oscar Asche, Mr. Yoshio Markino, Mr. R. D. Muir, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, Sir Mark Sykes, Bart., M.P., Mr. Jeffery Farnol, and Sir Edward Ward, Bart.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS, 1913-1914.

RECEIPTS.

To Bank Balance, Nov. 25th, 1913	... 161 9 1	
," Interest on £300 London County Council 3%.	... 161 9 1	
Stock	... 8 9 1	
," Members' Subscriptions	... 256 4 0	
," Entrance Fees	... 10 10 0	
," Christmas Dinner	... 60 0 6	
," Ladies' Dinner	... 60 0 10	
		/

EXPENDITURE.

By Rent of Club Room	
," Christmas Dinner	
," Ladies' Dinner	
," Artists	
," Piano Hire	
," Waiters' Gratuities	
," Stationery	
," General Printing	
," Special do.	
," Club Journal and History	
," List of Members	
," Postages and Sundries	
," Newspapers	
," Cheque Book	
," Clerical help	
," Club Guests	
," Reporters	
," Wreaths (Friars Gallon and Grundy)	
," Writing Table	
," Bank Balance 1st December, 1914	
		/

£556 13 6

EDWARD CLODD,
(Treasurer).

Audited and found correct,

ALGERNON ROSE,
W. B. SLATER.

Dec. 7, 1914.

The topics discussed were "The Drama," "Hospitality," "The Criminal and the Public," "The Influence of Criticism on Fiction," "The Pleasures of Travel," "Realism in Literature," "Correspondents in Peace and War."

Friar Sir Robert Hudson was the Prior for the Ladies' Dinner on May 8th at the Trocadero. The occasion was marked by speeches of great charm, the Prior giving the right note, which was taken up by Lady St. Helier, Miss Nancy Price, Sir Ryland Adkins, K.C., M.P., and Mr. Ellis Griffith, K.C., M.P.

The subscriptions of town and country members, with a balance brought forward of £161 9s. 1d., showed that the total receipts for the year were £556 13s. 6d., and the expenditure £374 18s. 5d., leaving a balance of £181 15s. 1d. The improved balance of £20 6s. is due to the fact that this year it was decided not to have a Summer Pilgrimage, but the Committee wishes it to be understood that this does not mean that the custom is altogether abandoned.

Thanks are again due to Friar G. B. Burgin for his editorship of the "Whitefriars Journal," and to Friar W. Francis Aitken for his valuable assistance.

The Prior moved the adoption of the Report and Balance-sheet, congratulating Friars on the excellent condition of its finances, and referring to the war circumstances which had led the Club, in common with others, to curtail its social engagements during the autumn. Friar Gilbert Coleridge seconded the motion with a characteristically genial speech. Friar Shaylor proposed a recommendation to the Committee that for the coming year half the subscription of each town and country member should be remitted. His reason for the suggestion was, he said, that owing to the war the Club had reduced the number of dinner engagements last session, and it was right that, the funds permitting, a concession should be made in the matter of the subscription. The probability was that the programme for the spring would be somewhat shorter than ordinarily, but with the reduction in subscription thus made temporarily no member would have excuse to resign on the ground that the Club was not maintaining all its attractiveness. Friar Athol Joyce seconded the motion, which was carried. It may be said parenthetically that the Committee have since adopted the recommendation.

A special vote of thanks was passed to Friar Burgin for his editorship of the "Whitefriars Journal."

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THE Christmas Dinner was held at the Trocadero on December 18th. Friar Harvey Darton was the Prior of the night, and Mrs. Darton kindly acted as hostess.

CLUB GUESTS : M. Portieje, M. Carton de Wiart, Mme. Carton de Wiart, M. Verbrugge, Mme. Verbrugge, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. C. J. Barker.

THE PRIOR—Mrs. Harvey Darton, Mr. and Mrs. John Masefield and Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Christian. FRIAR W. FRANCIS AITKEN—Mrs. W. F. Aitken, Mr. R. Lennox Davies and Mr. A. Donelly Aitkin. FRIAR GOLDFINCH BATE—Mrs. Goldfinch Bate, Mr. W. Polk and Mrs. W. Polk. FRIAR H. J. BROWN—Mrs. H. J. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. John Schooling. FRIAR E. CLODD—Miss Phyllis Rope. FRIAR ALFRED EDMONDS—Mr. C. E. Jerningham. FRIAR RICHARDSON EVANS—two guests. FRIAR SIR VINCENT EVANS—Mr. and Mrs. John Clark, Dr. Owen Pritchard, Miss E. M. Turner, Mr. Philip Williams and Lieutenant L. N. Vincent Evans. FRIAR L. H. FALCK—Mrs. Falck, Miss Dorothy Falck, Mr. Arthur Polak and Mrs. Polak. FRIAR JOHN FOSTER FRASER—Mrs. Fraser. FRIAR J. A. HAMMERTON—Mrs. Hammerton, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Lawrence. FRIAR H. E. MORGAN—Lady Lugard, Mrs. Woolrich and Miss S. H. Woolrich. FRIAR WARD MUIR—Mrs. Torin. FRIAR G. H. NORTHCROFT. FRIAR G. H. PERKINS—Mr. A. B. Garside, Mr. S. F. Boam and Mr. C. E. Fagan. FRIAR G. MOULTON PIPER—Mrs. Piper, Mr. Gordon Piper, Mr. A. C. Pedley, I.S.O., Mrs. Pedley and Miss Pedley. FRIAR A. D. POWER—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Slater, Miss Landale, Mr. N. D. Power and Mons. G. Devresse. FRIAR DR. S. RIDEAL—Mrs. Rideal, Miss Ione Rideal and Friar Rideal's guest. FRIAR JOSEPH SHAYLOR—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Conor, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elliott and Miss Shaylor. FRIAR CLEMENT SHORTER—Mrs. Clement Shorter, Mrs. W. M. Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ewer. FRIAR WALTER B. SLATER—Mrs. Slater, Miss Slater. FRIAR KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN—Mrs. Snowden. FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON—Mrs. Spurgeon, Miss Edith Bestwicke and Captain Percy Thomson. FRIAR JOHN WALKER—Mrs. John Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Foley, Mr. E. G. Drewry, Miss H. M. Walker and Miss C. A. Walker. FRIAR JOHN WALKER, JUN.—Mr. and Mrs. F. Wallace Whitlock, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Barringer, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey de Treville and Miss A. B. Walker. FRIAR CANON WESLEY DENNIS—Mrs.

Wesley Dennis, Miss C. Wesley Dennis, Rev. Canon Stevenson, Rev. Stuart Blofield and Mrs. Arnold Williams. THE HON. SECRETARY—Mr. John Gulland, M.P., Mrs. Gulland, Mr. and Mrs. George Moore, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Nash, Miss Pullen and Mr. Alfred Berendt.

THE PRIOR, in giving “King George and King Albert,” said this was the only occasion on which the loyal toast had been coupled with the name of a foreign King. We were indeed sorry for the events which had led up to such a toast, but we were proud to honour King Albert, a brave and noble Sovereign.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., submitted the sentiment of “Our Friends Across the Sea.” “At eight o'clock on Wednesday morning,” he said, “a little girl was going to school, a boy and his comrades were going to their classroom, a number of people were collected in their church to take the Holy Communion, a woman was preparing her counter to do the little work of the day, two babies were still asleep in their mothers' bosoms, a postman was passing on his daily round, and a young maid-servant with shining face was standing at a door to receive the letters for the household. In another part of our country, a baby fifteen months old was asleep on his mother's breast, an old woman was wandering through the street, when there burst the bombs of the ships of war, and babies, children, boys and old people were alike killed. This was the modern method of doing honour to the principles of war to which the German rulers of to-day had given the worship which they once—and we still do give—to the Christian principles of peace.

“These events have produced a profound impression on everyone in the far-flung Empire. I am sure that there is no one within the Empire who has not been inspired with a deadly and more earnest purpose that the sword once taken from its sheath shall not be restored until we have liberated mankind from this demon of destruction. Amidst all the sufferings which these hideous, cruel and barbarous incidents have created in our minds, there is the compensation—if so I may call it—that now we understand what the people of Belgium have had to endure through the crisis. I do not say that it was necessary to have this experience of our own in order to realise it, but it has been brought home to us in all its vividness.

“Our friends from Belgium have recognised during the last few weeks in which they have been resident in England that

when they come to this country they come amongst good people to whom no appeal in the name of religion has ever been made in vain. At the outbreak of the war, Belgium was a prosperous country; she was an industrious country; most of her soil was cultivated by peasant proprietors; she had an industrious population and beautiful cities, possessing some of the greatest monuments of art the world could show. There were two paths, either of which Belgium might have trodden; she might have enjoyed prosperity and retained her people on the soil; she might have safeguarded her great cities and beautiful monuments; she might have chosen ignoble prosperity and cowardly ease. In the other alternative, there was wholesale destruction, wholesale impoverishment and death, besides suffering, never equalled in modern times even when a country was at war. Without a moment's hesitation, guided chiefly by her brave King, with a combination of her political parties and leaders which was an example to the world, Belgium chose the narrow path of suffering, and in so doing took the better part. Though this certainly is the harder experience, the roll of tragedy amongst the men and women of Belgium will prove to be the blood by which the higher and nobler ideals of the nation will be maintained as long as Belgium and time exist.

"In taking these risks, Belgians died not only for themselves but for every English man and woman. We owe it largely to the heroic struggle they made against the foe that we are able to gather together in the peaceful and uninterrupted manner in which this assembly has met this evening. In the most literal and accurate sense I can say to Belgium, 'You have saved Europe, and you have saved civilisation.' The struggle is not over. Personally, I had no doubt at the beginning what the result of the war would be. We have superiority in material forces; we have superiority in spiritual forces.

"To me, this war from the start, and especially since the atrocious cruelties in Belgium, has assumed a very high aspect. It is not a war merely of national armies; it is a war of ideals. Our ideal is one of liberty, toleration and right; one nationality for every race, and that each shall develop according to its own idiosyncrasy whatever its creed, with a Government in the free choice of the people. On the other side, we have the German ideal—government by despotism, an oligarchy, soldiers and

Junkers ; an absence of equality and toleration, as is shown by the manner in which the Belgians have been treated by the Prussian aristocracy.

"I have used a certain phrase often, and I do not apologise for using it again—a phrase I have borrowed from Professor Cramb, a very warm and almost blind admirer of German institutions. Whenever that gentleman endeavoured to convey to English readers the state of mind to which the German had reached, he said that Napoleon I. became an object of sincere admiration because 'Corsica conquered Galilee.'

"This is not the first Emperor in the world's history who has raised a conflict between his ideals and those of Galilee. The Emperor Julian bore some resemblance to the Kaiser of our own times. Julian, though he knew of the beautiful, peaceful Gospel of Galilee, used his power to substitute the gospel of the ancient gods of Greece. He made war, and ultimately he was beaten. As he lay bleeding on the ground he said, 'Thou hast conquered, O Galilee.' Before many months are over there will be another Emperor opposed to the principles of Christianity, who will also say, 'Thou has conquered, O Galilee.' "

FRIAR J. FOSTER FRASER proposed "The Visitors." He coupled with the toast the name of Lady Lugard, who bore an honoured name long before she became Lady Lugard. As Miss Flora Shaw she did magnificent work in regard to our Empire. He wished them to do honour to her name that night because of the organisation which she had put on foot for the Belgian refugees. Lady Lugard conceived the plan, and the whole spirit of the enterprise was due to her. Besides other great work in connection with the Belgian refugees, Lady Lugard was constantly visiting Alexandra Palace, Earl's Court, and the various Government depots at which they were housed. She was really the active spirit between the British Government and the Belgian Government in regard to the placing of these unhappy visitors to our shores.

LADY LUGARD said she knew that it was customary for such a toast to be responded to humorously. She was totally incapable of making a humorous speech that night; if she were capable, however, she believed that they were totally incapable of listening to a facetious speech on such a subject. For who were our visitors? They were not only those who sat at that most hospitable board, but they were the guests of the entire nation.

Mr. Fraser, in his kindness, had exaggerated what she had done. She had tried to help in the reception of the guests during the last four months. In doing so, she had seen what would prevent anyone from speaking humorously on that subject. There was, for instance, the story of a Countess in Belgium who had gone back to her house to rescue an article of some special value. She found that the soldiers had humorously drank eight hundred bottles of her best wine. In another case the German soldiers thought it humorous to slit the family pictures in a house, and smash the mirrors with the butt ends of their rifles. Here, to-night, were men of letters doing honour to the Belgians. She remembered one man in Belgium who owned priceless literary possessions, which had been in his family for many generations. He did not know to-day whether a single volume was on the shelves. These were minor things at one end of the social scale.

Amongst the refugees from Holland who came to Earl's Court yesterday, were some who burst into tears at the sight of a bed. For six weeks they had slept under hedges with no covering but straw. These were the little things ; of the great and awful things of the last four months she would not speak ; they knew enough. We asked ourselves, as Mr. O'Connor had so eloquently stated : "What does all this mean to us?" This meant to us that if Belgium had not borne it we should have had to do so. Belgium had borne the burden which the world could never forget nor ever repay.

Pessimists had told us that wars were fought for the balance of power. This war was being fought for the balance of power between right and wrong. We made no doubt at all that civilisation was being attacked. We remembered in reading the history of the times which immediately preceded our own that we had been struck with the difference between the ideal of Cavour and a free Italy, and the ideal of Bismarck for Prussian supremacy. We had a right to be free ; we had no right to be supreme. Supremacy was a crime against civilisation. Pessimists had told us that wars were predestinated ; we must have a war from time to time. It was true that the wars of Louis XIV. brought in the eighteenth century ; the wars of the French Revolution and Napoleon I. brought in the nineteenth century. These wars were an upheaval. Take the wars of Louis XIV. which ushered in the eighteenth century, and the magnificent conquest wrought for freedom of thought. The revolution of Napoleon brought in the nineteenth

century with its splendid pursuit of truth and the magnificent conquests of science.

Liberty had won every time, and liberty would win again. Already we saw through the smoke of battle a brighter vision of a regenerated Europe; we believed that there would be a new art, a new industry; the social system would be founded on a sure foundation of international amity. It was because this hospitality typified universal amity we were there to-night. We came there in the Christmas spirit which expressed itself in the desire of every man to help his brother, and every man might say to his neighbour: "Courage!"

MONS. VERBRUGGE, on behalf of the Belgian visitors, returned thanks for the hospitality and kind reception accorded the guests.

FRIAR A. D. POWER proposed "The Prior." Their Chairman was a man of a composite nature. He was both an author and a publisher; he understood from the literature of the Society of Authors that these were quite incompatible. As an author, his name appeared in the British Museum catalogue over the titles of books running into double figures, and dealt with subjects ranging from zoology to theology. As a publisher, he bore an honoured name, and his father was still a revered figure in Paternoster Row. The Chairman had performed useful services as Hon. Sec. of the Publishers' Circle. On behalf of the Club, he thanked Friar and Mrs. Darton for having acted as host and hostess on such a truly memorable occasion.

The toast was received with musical honours.

The PRIOR, in returning thanks, considered it an honour to take the chair on that exceptional occasion. We were delighted to welcome the Belgian guests, and we had been charmed by the music provided by the Belgian artistes. The Club, from their available balance, had made a donation to the Belgian Refugee Fund. This dinner was a symbol of that great brotherhood—the great alliance which was working for the peace of Europe.

The musical programme had unique interest, more than justifying high expectation.

Madame Hélène Feltesse (soprano), Prima Donna of the Opera House at Brussels, and Mdlle. Odyle Hendrick (contralto), of the Théâtre Royale de la Monnaie, of Brussels, gave solos and contributed a duet. Mr. Archie Anderson (baritone), Dr. Collisson and Mr. Walter Churcher also contributed to a most excellent entertainment.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

By W. N. SHANSFIELD.

The Christmas Dinner will stand out as one of the most memorable ever held by the Club. It was made an occasion of compliment to the brave Belgians, and of admiration and sympathy for the sufferers. The Club had voted a donation to the Belgian Relief Fund, in the organisation of which Friar Morgan has taken so notable a part.

At the dinner we had half a score of prominent Belgians, temporarily exiled in England as our guests, and one of these begged to be allowed to return thanks on their behalf for the kindness shown, which he said affected them deeply.

M. Portieje spoke in admirable English. Mr. T. P. O'Connor had given the sentiment of "Our Friends Across the Sea" with eloquence and power. But the speech of the evening was that of Lady Lugard, responding to the toast of "The Visitors." Lady Lugard is an accomplished writer, and has read papers concerning her world-wide travels from time to time before learned societies. But this was her *début* as an after-dinner speaker. She has been, and is, the chief inspiration of the wonderful work being done for the refugees in London, through the multitudinous activities of the offices in Aldwych Buildings. Her absorption in her subject relieved her of all nervousness, and she spoke, indeed, with a charm that touched everyone. Her observations showed a fine historic perception of events; the phrases had literary felicity; and the emotion, though restrained, was profound. Yet the whole impression was delicately and simply produced in a few minutes—without a superfluous word.

THE CHRISTMAS LUNCH.

THE Christmas Luncheon was held at Anderton's Hotel on Monday, December 21st, under the presidency of Friar Shaylor, and there was a pleasant exchange of sentiments in the circle with the toast of "Absent Friends." The usual gratuities were distributed: the chef, head waiter, chamber maid, porter, and last, but not least, "Robert" being called in turn to receive a gift from Friar Shaylor on behalf of the Club. Each thanked the members in brief but studied speech, "Robert," in particular, being eloquent in his good wishes for the season.



TWO HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

(The following letter from Friar William Archbald explains itself. I need scarcely say how much we are indebted to him for permission to publish these letters.—G. B. B.)

“MY DEAR BURGIN,

“I have received Charles Baxter’s permission for the publication of the Robert Louis Stevenson letters as indicated by me.

“I enclose you copies, and the first one is verbatim. The second has only a few lines cut out at the end. If you think there is too much in the last one, I leave it to you to cut it as you think best.

“Yours very sincerely,

“WILLIAM ARCHBALD.

“G. B. BURGIN, Esq.”

Letter to Charles Baxter, Esq. No date, but postmark September 17th, 1878:

“*Chez Marcel,*

“*Le Monastier, Haute Loire.*

“MY DEAR CHARLES,

“I shall soon go off on a voyage, for which I think I shall

buy a donkey, and out of which, if I do not make a book, may my right hand forget its cunning. I am busy all day long, writing, sketching, shooting with a revolver, dining with excisemen and Ponts et Chaussées people; for the first time for near a year I feel something like peace; it is like gold—yea, much fine ditto; it is like the dew of Hermon, or the pomade on Aaron's whiskers.

"In view of the journey I think forty quid would be a good thing; you might send it in a cheque on the Compagnie Générale at Le Puy: with that I shall not fear to go on my travels.

"Ever yours,

(Signed) "ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"Do write a word some of these days, and let me hear the news."

"Honolulu,

"March, 1889.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,

"At last I have the accounts: the doer has done excellently, and in the words of Galpin, 'I reciprocate every step of your behaviour.' Only upon one point would I protest, in *re* my mother. (1) The house is hers; she might live in it if she chose and pay no rent to the trust: therefore, if she lets it, the rent is hers, and (in my contention) the trust has nothing to do with it. But (2) suppose you have some argument I do not follow which disposes of No. 1, I cannot see how you are to charge her with the rent received for the use of the house during the winter *before* my father's death. It was let to meet extra expenses in the South; the extra expenses were incurred by my father; why, then, is my mother to be charged with the covering sum? I see no answer to that, anyway. And still, if I am dull and there should be a reason, I should like to make up my mother's money to what it was. Possibly we had better wait to decide this till we meet, so that I can make sure I follow.

"Quite right you were, of course, about Bob, Henley, and the book of verses. Let Bob's interest slide; it is only an annoyance to him and book-keeping for your clerks; to me it would not make the change of a hair. I send a letter for Bob in your care,



THE LATE MRS. R. L. STEVENSON. (*By kind permission of
Messrs. Chatto & Windus.*)

as I don't know his Liverpool address, by which (for he is to show you part of it) you will see that we have got out of this adventure—or hope to have—with wonderful fortune. I have the retrospective horrors on me when I think of the liabilities I incurred; but, thank God, I think I am in port again, and I have found one climate in which I can enjoy life. Even Honolulu is too cold for me; but the South Isles were a heaven upon earth to a poor catarrhal party like John's one. We think, as Tahiti is too complete a banishment, to try Madeira. It's only a week from England, good communications; and I suspect in climate and scenery not unlike our own dear islands; in people, alas! there can be no comparison. But friends could go, and I could come in summer; so I should not be quite cut off.

"Lloyd and I have finished a story, 'The Wrong Box.' If it is not funny, I'm sure I don't know what is. I have split over writing it. Since I have been here I have been toiling like a galley slave: three numbers of 'The Master' to rewrite; five chapters of 'The Wrong Box' to write and rewrite; and about five hundred lines of a narrative poem to write, rewrite and re-rewrite. Now I have 'The Master' waiting me for its continuation two numbers more; when that's done I shall breathe.

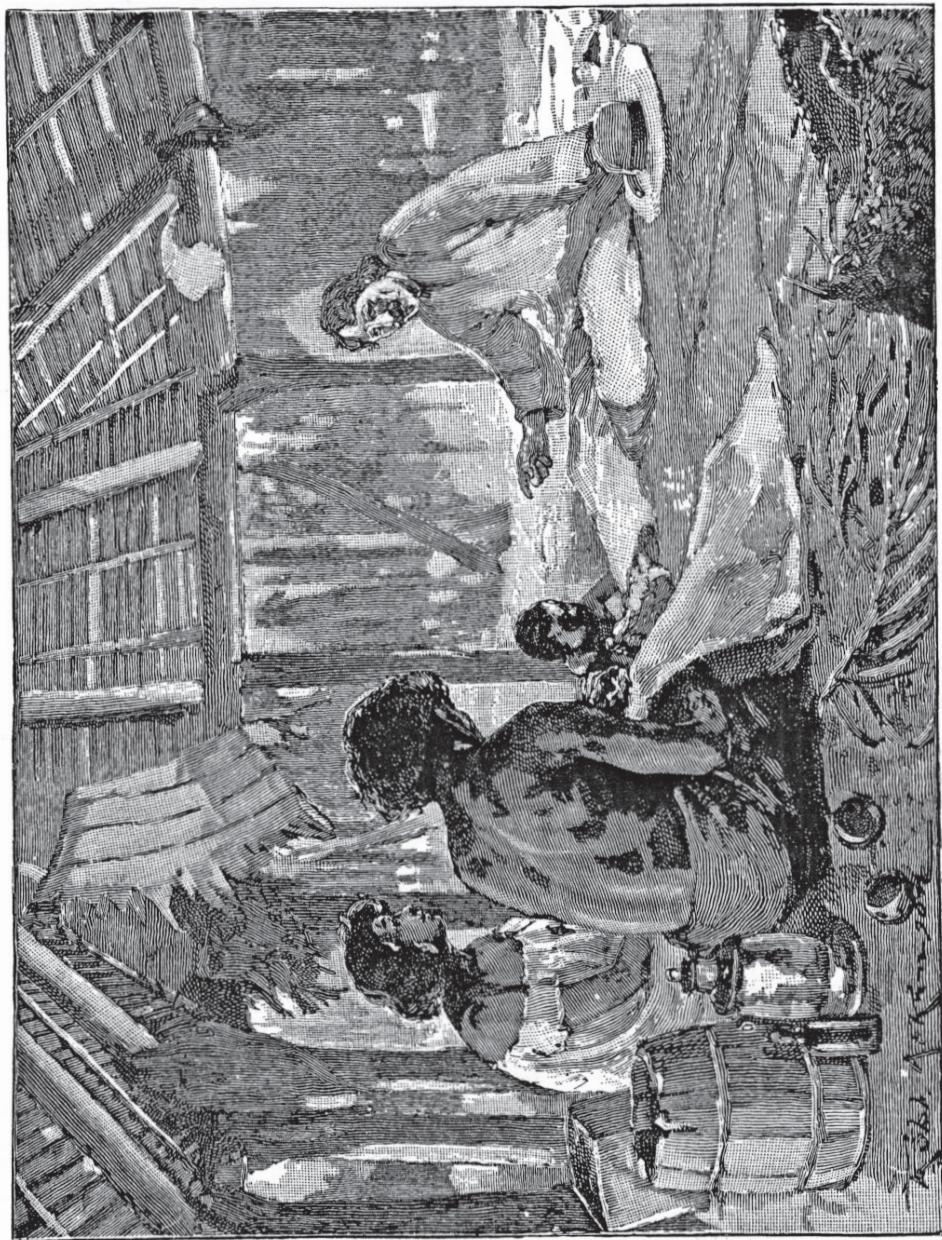
"Yours ever,

(Signed) "ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

(To this letter there is added a P.S. in Mrs. Stevenson's writing.)

"P.S.—This is only to show that my heart is in the right place, though my body is not. It, alas! should be in Tahiti with my well-beloved 'savages,' as they are fond of calling themselves. I am really better than I have been for some time. I believe the thing in my throat is gone, though I am nervous about it, and imagine it is coming back when it is not. Louis is wonderful, and Lloyd is quite the literary man. It was very saddening to hear of poor Mrs. Henley's death, and most unexpected. I hope she passed away with as much comfort as one may. She had not too much in life. I had meant to write to Anna congratulating her on the new negotiation, but somehow I can't write letters. My love to you all.

"F. S. vale L. S."



TUSITALA, THE TELLER OF TALES.

(By kind permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.)

CLUB NOTES.

THE CLUB'S ROLL OF HONOUR.

Friar Duncan Cross, Assistant-Paymaster, R.N.R.

Friar Albert Kinross, Interpreter.

Friar Edward Page Gaston, Accredited Agent for assisting distressed English and Americans in Germany and for reporting on German War Prisons, etc.

Friar Duncan Cross is on board H.M.S. *Vindictive*, which captured a German collier in the Atlantic with a cargo of 5,000 tons of Welsh coal. Every little helps. And when Friar Cross obtained leave in order to lunch at the Whitefriars there was that in his manly Naval Reserved bearing—the crisp decision, when, without a moment's hesitation, he decided to order an Andertonian steak and brave the perils of it—which betokened that he was indeed a man of action.

I am glad to announce that Friar Frederick J. Cross, "father of the above," has successfully undergone a very dangerous operation and, happily, is now convalescent. The Club sympathy will go out to Friar Cross in an illness which he has borne with great courage and fortitude. We shall cordially welcome his reappearance among us as soon as he is thoroughly convalescent.

Friar Albert Kinross has always "had a great gift of language." It now seems destined to find even more vigorous expression in his new calling. And his uniform suits him.

Gallant Friar Coulson Kernahan is busy drilling recruits and aiding the recruiting officers. For some time past he has devoted all his energies to this necessary task.

This list is not a complete one, as many Friars have relations at the Front, notably Friar Piper, whose only son has already greatly distinguished himself. Friar Sir George Thompson Hutchinson's son-in-law, Captain Oliver, passed unscathed

through the battle of Mons. Friar Robert Leighton has a son in the 4th Norfolks, and another who has just passed for a naval cadetship. I have one nephew an adjutant in the Territorials, and another a corporal in "The Odds and Ends." I understand that Friar Dr. Burnett Smith is volunteering for the Front, and Friar Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's son and two nephews have also volunteered. In short, the list might be extended indefinitely.

I quote a few stanzas from Friar F. Raymond Coulson's poem "To Liberty" :

And the glory of your eyes,
And your torch that lit the skies,
Made the shackled peoples rise
From their groans.

North and South they heard your call,
"Follow me!" . . . You thrilled them all,
Till you saw the tyrants fall
From their thrones.

And at length your wondrous word
Horror-haunted Europe heard,
And your voice the Nations stirred
As you passed
With your magic torch aflame.
Now they rise, and, in your name,
Strike the Kaiser—King of Shame—
Strike at last!

There's a star above your head,
But—around your feet the dead,
And your riddle all unread
None can probe.
Still with merciless device
For your gift you claim the price,
And the blood of sacrifice
Stains your robe!

Perhaps the busiest of all Friars is Friar Page Gaston in his offices at Salisbury Square—when he is there. The last

time I went in to see him, I found Mrs. Gaston sending off hundreds of parcels to Germany, writing letters to friends of English prisoners, explaining how the letters from friends ought to be written, how much money ought to be forwarded, and a thousand other things.

Friar Gaston has twice tasted the sweets of a German prison. He was supposed to be a spy, and all kinds of "dodges" were adopted to entrap him into some damaging admission. Letters were dropped in the exercise yard by alleged fellow-prisoners, telegraphic messages were drummed on the walls of his prison by detectives, and so on. Twice has he emerged triumphant from these ordeals, rushed back to England for a fresh suit of pyjamas, and again tempted Providence.

I called on Friar Gaston the other day just as he was preparing to set out on his fourth expedition to Germany. He told me a few things whilst he was talking to Friar Browning and a very pretty girl who was sorely distressed because she could not forward a letter to her sweetheart, and at the same time assuaging the anxiety of a parent greatly exercised as to whether his prisoner son would "have to work for those sanguinary Germans."

In one prison the subject of fresh air was, if one may perpetrate such a bull, a bone of contention between the English and Russian officers. The English felt the need of fresh air, and the Russians hated it and stuffed up every crevice in the windows. One night, however, the English officers waited until the Russians were asleep in the dormitory, stole from their beds, pulled out the window sashes and hid them.

The letters which pass through Friar Gaston's hands are not without interest as human documents. There was one, for instance, from a German girl to her English lover, a prisoner. She gave her lover a frenzied sermon on German politics, and said that she would rather die than be an Englishman's wife. Fortunately, the letter was two or three weeks in reaching Friar

Gaston. It contained many expressions which he knew the Censor would not pass. Six weeks elapsed before he could return it to the girl. Then he heard from a reliable source that she was very glad to get it back again unread by her lover.

The German character seems to have changed since the time of Balzac. In a remarkable short story of his, called "The Red Inn" (Why will not editors allow us to write short stories as they ought to be written?), he speaks of a German, one of his characters, as "The perfect type of the children of that pure and noble Germany, so prolific of honourable characters—home of a nation whose peaceable instincts have never wavered, even after seven invasions." The "pure and noble" Germans' "peaceable instincts" would appear to have "wavered" a good deal since this was written.

As a result of the appeal made by the Committee of the Athenæum Club for contributions to provide a testimonial to Friar Henry R. Tedder, in commemoration of his forty years' service to the Club as its Secretary and Librarian, Mr. G. Hall Neale was commissioned to paint Mr. Tedder's portrait for presentation to him. A cheque for a substantial amount accompanied the presentation of the picture by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury at a meeting of the subscribers held in the Club drawing-room on December 1st. It is intended to send to each of the contributors to the testimonial a photogravure reproduction of the portrait.

Here is a Kipling story told at the Club lunch table: It seems that Simla is up in the mountains—the hills, as they say in India—and the ladies go there in the hot weather to escape the heat of the low country. One lovely, cool morning at Simla, Kipling was presented to a "grass widow." (They call those ladies "grass widows" whose husbands are detained by work in the hot cities of the plains.) She was very pretty and charming, and as they talked together in the pleasant coolness Kipling said: "I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband grilling

down there?" The lady gave him a strange look, and it was not until afterwards he learned that she was a real widow.

The same raconteur told a story of a very pretty married woman who was leaning up against a man in all the throes of seasickness during a rough Channel crossing. The lady was ill too, but the man paid no attention to her. "Look after your wife, man. Can't you see how sick she is?" said a kindly fellow-passenger. The sick man roused himself with an effort. "Don't know her. I'm not *married*. I'm only looking so d——d miserable because I'm sick."

A certain Friar who is greatly addicted to "goff" played with an ambidextrous stranger, and was beaten by him. "I suppose," the victorious stranger said apologetically at the close of the game, "you didn't know I was amphibious!"

I was chatting with a Friar at lunch the other day, and he had the temerity to assert that a certain great classic poet never wrote a bald line. How about the following:

"That Thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious?"

Can anyone place the above?

I suppose when Friar Archbald says that he has "cut out a few lines at the end" of the second Stevenson letter printed in the body of the Journal, he did so because it was absolutely necessary. I have not availed myself of his permission to "cut" any other part.

Which reminds me that I have an original unpublished letter of Stevenson's also—a letter which is almost the best he ever wrote. Some day the Friars shall have the benefit of it.

There is a tradition that Stevenson, clad in a sombre black silk shirt, once dined with the Friars. I don't see why we should

not have a Club robe for State occasions. Some of us would not need to be tonsured.

The Club Poet sends me

THE WAIL OF A WORRIED WAITER.

It's all very well in your lordly homes
 To lunch in lordly state;
 But how would you like to be one who roams
 To the City each day to wait?

And wait and wait and wait in vain
 For a Friar to come and thump
 On the lunch-room door to ease your pain
 And most camellious hump.

Why should I do my daily part
 When never a "tuppenny fee"
 Brings a sudden rush of blood to my heart?
 At the inquest held on me

The jury will solemnly nod and say
 "It's enough to make one shiver,
 That Friars from lunch should stop away
 And their waiter wait—in the river!"

From an eloquent article by Friar Sir Ernest Clarke, dated 14th November, 1914:

THE 20TH NOVEMBER, 1214.

Under any other circumstances than the preoccupation of the thoughts of the nation by the present struggle for freedom and the crushing of Teutonic militarism, the seven-hundredth anniversary of the meeting of the Barons on St. Edmund's Day, 1214, could hardly have failed to have been marked by some public celebration by way of rejoicing, if not in other places at least at St. Edmundsbury.

As things are, we must be content with putting on record the facts, so far as contemporary chronicles have preserved them, of

the historic assemblage of the Barons of England before the high altar of the great abbey church of St. Edmund to demand from King John the confirmation of the liberties of the people granted by the Charter of Henry I. The fullest account of the proceedings is given by Roger of Wendover.

On the 19th October, 1214, King John, having settled all his business in the transmarine provinces, returned home to England. About this time, the Earls and Barons of England assembled at St. Edmunds as if for prayer. But there was something else in the matter, for after they had held much secret discourse, there was brought forth in their midst the Charter of King Henry I., which the same barons had received in London from Archbishop Stephen of Canterbury. They went all together to the church of St. Edmund, the King and Martyr, and, beginning with the eldest, they swore on the high altar that if the King sought to evade their demand for the laws and liberties which that charter contained, they would make war upon him and withdraw from fealty to him, till he should, by a charter under his seal, confirm to them all that they demanded. They also agreed that after Christmas they would go all together to the King, and ask him for a confirmation of the aforesaid liberties; and that meanwhile they would so provide themselves with horses and arms that if the King should seek to break his oath, they might by seizing his castles compel him to make satisfaction. And when these things were done they returned every man to his own home.

We all hate war and yet cannot help ourselves from being forced into it. Professor Gilbert Murray sums up the situation very tersely: "I have all my life been an advocate of peace. I hate war, not merely for its own cruelty and folly, but because it is the enemy of all the causes that I care for most, of social progress and good government and all friendliness and gentleness of life, as well as of art and learning and literature. Yet I believe firmly that we were right to declare war against Germany on August 4, 1914, and that to have remained neutral in that crisis would have been a failure in public duty."

Though a member of the Society of Friends, I am heartily in accord with the Professor. A few Sundays ago I was at

"meeting" when an earnest young Friend denounced war and its attendant evils, and wound up an impassioned discourse by saying, "Let us never forget our peace principles as Friends and stick to our guns."

I have been asked by a puzzled Friar to define the attitude of "Quakers" toward the war. This is our attitude: "We find ourselves to-day in the midst of what may prove to be the fiercest conflict in the history of the human race. Whatever may be our view of the processes which have led to its inception, we have now to face the fact that war is proceeding upon a terrific scale, and that our own country is involved in it. Our Government has made most strenuous efforts to preserve peace, and has entered into the war under a grave sense of duty to a smaller State towards which we had moral and treaty obligations. While, as a Society, we stand firmly to the belief that the method of force is no solution of any question, we hold that the present moment is not one for criticism, but for devoted service to our nation."

Just before going to press I learn that Friar Dr. Burnett Smith has been rejected by the War Office authorities on account of his teeth. The War Office seems to be under the impression that they are not good enough for operations.

A certain novelist had written a book called "The Duke's Twins." A friend of his was standing at a bookstall when he noticed an old lady and her not very young daughter looking at a placard announcing the book. "There, my dear," said the old lady, "now you can see for yourself the sort of things that go on among the members of our aristocracy when they ought to be at the front."

In moving the adoption of the Report and the Balance Sheet at the Club's Annual Meeting, the Chairman, Friar Aitken, threw out a few suggestions which were well worthy of consideration. He referred to the losses through death which the

Club had sustained, and went on to suggest that we could not exist for ever on the reputations of the men who had made the Club what it is. There was work for all the younger members to do, and all who had any suggestions to make for the Club's welfare should send in their ideas to the Committee, who would, he felt sure, give them every consideration. Incidentally, this would help to keep all the members and the Committee better in touch with one another.

"He who has a thousand friends has not one friend to spare,
But he who has one enemy will find him everywhere."

It would be difficult to find even one enemy of Friar Shaylor's. The dinner to him, as a mark of our affection and esteem, met with a very noteworthy response. Many Friars would have liked to assure him of this before all the other Friars. Time and opportunity lacked. I have secured a few of these tributes for the Club archives, so that posterity may see how we honoured ourselves in honouring the friend of us all.

As the programme of Club events was curtailed last autumn, on account of the war, the Committee deem it right that half the subscriptions for the new year shall be remitted. Town members, therefore, will pay one guinea instead of two; and country members half a guinea instead of one guinea. This decision was facilitated by the fact that the Club is in a highly prosperous condition. A small but very attractive set of engagements is in process of being made for the session to open shortly.

Death has been busy in our midst this year: Friar R. F. Harper, Friar R. L. Jefferson, Friar the Rev. C. H. Grundy, and Friar Tom Gallon have all passed away.

If I do not say much about the recent death of Friar Tom Gallon, it is because I would not sadden the Club by the recital of a personal sorrow. Friar Morgan de Groot and myself followed him to his last resting-place a few weeks ago. He was recover-

ing from a severe attack of pneumonia when the action of the heart failed and he died. "I hope I'm not tiring you," I asked the last time I saw him as I rose to go. "An old friend like you never tires me," he said. The next time I came he could not see me. That evening he died.

So passed away a very sweet, shy, gentle spirit. Loyal to his friends, generous to a fault, a lover of little children, of all that was noble and true, an indefatigable worker, a man who had struggled against ill-health the greater part of his life, he will be missed and mourned by a large circle of readers, the sister who devoted her life to helping him in his work, his many friends at the Whitefriars, Greenroom, and O.P. Clubs. It is difficult even now to realise that he is gone. I hope to have an opportunity of speaking of his work elsewhere.

G. B. B.